

TGIF

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TGIF

by [saltinecraxker](#)

Summary

"What makes you think that?" he questioned softly, green eyes not daring to break away from George's intense gaze.

"Dream, you are the textbook definition of a straight, college, university frat boy." Dream smiled at George's slurred wording. "I think I am quite safe in my assumption."

Without thinking, the blond pushed himself closer, making the brunet gasp and back into the wall behind him with a faint thud. Dream proceeded to place his gloved hands on either side of George's head, their faces only a few inches apart, their shuddered breathing intermixing.

"Or not..." George spoke again, his eyes wide, lips slightly parted.

Notes

This is just a lil Halloween frat party AU inspired by a nsfw(?) work made by @/lustlilywander on Twitter. They're one of my favorite artists in the MCYT community and they deserve so much recognition! Go give em a follow :)

Alright, let's get down to it. Enjoy ;)

“And what the fuck are you supposed to be?” Sapnap questioned as Dream walked into the kitchen. Punz, Karl, and Quackity all turned to look at him.

“I’m a serial killer,” Dream stated matter-of-factly, gesturing to the small, bloody mask that was strapped to the side of his head.

“Going all out I see,” Punz commented, making Karl and Quackity laugh.

Dream rolled his eyes, walking forward and grabbing the beer from his hand. “Halloween isn’t really my strong suit.” He popped it open and took a swig. “Appreciate that I tried at all.”

“Whatever, drama queen,” snapped Sapnap. “Just help us sort out all these drinks. It’s Friday so there’s gonna be a shitload of people tonight.”

“I think Bad was gonna make some jungle juice too,” Karl chimed in. The group gave some whoops and hollers, and Dream knew he was in for a long night.

A couple hours later, the house was filled to the brim; loud chatter, pumping music, and raucous laughter filled the once rather quiet halls. Dream sat in one of the back rooms with Sapnap, Punz, and a few of the other guys in the fraternity, and noticed how Sapnap had been constantly checking his phone for the past few minutes.

“One of your conquests showing up tonight?” he asked jokingly, his mouth split into a grin.

Sapnap rolled his eyes. “No, dumbass. I invited a friend and he should be here soon. Just waiting for the fucker to text me back...”

“Wait, wait, wait,” said Punz, joining in on the conversation. “You have a *friend*? Other than the people you live with here?”

Sapnap punched his shoulder as he and Dream barked out laughing. “I do! He’s my partner in my computer science class. He’s British and a complete nerd. Super nice, though.”

“You invited a British, computer science nerd to one of our parties?” Dream asked into his cup, downing whatever mixture Bad had made at the start of the party.

Sapnap chuckled, fixing his black headband that tied behind the back of his head. “Yup, and I want you guys to meet him.”

“Sure,” said Punz, shrugging. “I’m gonna go get another drink, I’ll be back.” As he got up to leave, Sapnap slouched into the couch beside Dream.

“I’m still really disappointed in your costume, Dre.”

“Like you can talk,” Dream scoffed. “You wrap a bandana around your forehead and wear all black just to call yourself a ninja?”

Sapnap rolled his eyes. “At least I’m not the one wearing street clothes.”

Dream looked down, eyes glancing over his dark jeans, fitted black tee, and the green flannel that folded just above his elbows.

He snapped his head back to Sapnap. “Come on now, I’m wearing my gloves. *And* the nail polish.” He lifted his free hand and wiggled it in front of his best friend to prove his point.

“Careful, Dream, your gay is showing.” Dream brought his hand down and lightly punched Sapnap’s chest, who fell into a fit of laughter. “C’mon, that was good!”

“Whatever,” Dream mumbled. He took another sip of his drink as Sapnap abruptly sat up.

“He’s here!” he exclaimed, peering down at his phone. He then looked over to Dream with a smirk. “Promise you’ll stay here. I really want you to meet him.”

Dream mustered up his best glare. “Yeah, I promise.” He kicked up his foot and pushed at the space behind Sapnap’s knee, urging him forward. “Get outta here, dickhead.”

Sapnap laughed as he quickly made his way out of the room and through the packed hallway. He avoided the living room completely, knowing that was where the biggest crowd was, and cut through another hallway before appearing at the entryway. He looked back down at his phone, rereading the text that was sent, and then went to open the front door with an eccentric swing.

“George!” he exclaimed as a shorter brunet appeared in front of him, cheeks red from the frigid, October air. His smile faded. “You know this is supposed to be a costume party, right?”

George stepped in quickly before nodding. “I know.” He gestured to the top of his head, where a pair of goggles resided. “That’s why I’m wearing these. I’m a... pilot?”

Sapnap laughed. “Alright, alright. That’s good enough, I guess.” He gestured to the multitude of coat hangers to their left. “You can leave your coat here, you’ll warm up in no time.” As George began to slip off his coat and find a place to put it, Sapnap continued. “Now I know you’ve said you’ve drank and stuff before, but this is gonna be an entirely new experience for ya.”

As George slipped his coat onto one of the hangers, he stared back at Sapnap with narrowed eyes. “I’m not sure if I trust you, Nick.”

Sapnap smiled and wrapped an arm around the older man’s small shoulders. “Oh c’mon, of course you can! We’re besties!” He paused. “Also, when we’re within these walls, I go by Sapnap.”

George quirked an eyebrow. “Sapnap? What does that even mean?”

“It’s pandas, but backwards. They’re my favorite animal,” he explained bluntly.

“Okay...” George mumbled as he looked around them, pretending to understand. “Where are these friends of yours? There was one you said that-”

“Oh yeah!” Sapnap interrupted. “Follow me, man. But stay close, it’s easy to get lost in here.”

They began their journey back to where his friends were, and minutes later they were walking through the threshold into the small room. Punz was back, along with Karl and Quackity, and the four of them sat in their respective seats talking about whatever came to mind.

“Hey guys!” Sapnap shouted, cutting off the group’s conversation. Dream glanced up, seeing Sapnap and someone behind him enter the room. “This is my good friend, George.” Dream’s eyes shifted, landing on the slightly shorter man now standing beside him. The stranger gave the group a small smile and a slight wave.

“Hello.”

A chorus of “Hey”s and “Sup, man”s reverberated throughout the room as the pair made their way closer to the group. The stranger was wearing fitted jeans and a dark blue sweater, a white collar peeking out over the top. A pair of round, white goggles sat on top of his brown hair. Dream never took his eyes off George as Sapnap introduced him to everyone, not paying attention to his best friend’s words until he heard his own name.

“...and this is Dream! The one I told you about.”

Dream paled when he realized he got caught staring, both his and George’s eyes widening when they made eye contact. George was the first to look away.

“Does every frat boy have a codename or something?” he asked Sapnap with a slight laugh.

Sapnap shrugged and smiled smugly as he casted Dream a glance before answering George. “Nah. We’ve all been friends for years now and they’re just nicknames we’ve come up with for one another.”

“Oh,” replied George, “cool.”

“Want a drink, George?” Punz asked. “We have a cooler of beer in here, but there’s more stuff in the kitchen if you want it.”

George bit his lip in thought, and Dream’s eyes widened at the sight. “I’m good for now. Thanks, though.”

“No problem, man.”

“Let’s sit, George,” said Sapnap, sitting down on the same couch as Dream, scooting slightly away from the blond.

Sapnap, you little-

Dream’s inner thoughts were interrupted by Sapnap saying, “You can sit between Dream and I.”

George gingerly sat between the two, and Dream glared over the brunet’s head at Sapnap, who shot him an innocent smile.

Their group sat there for a while, all getting to know George a bit better. They went through their usual debate topics, which consisted of which Disney movie was the best, whether the moon landing was in fact faked, politics, the best brand of beer, etc.

George grew more comfortable as time went on, and Dream surprisingly found himself agreeing with him on many subjects. Dream would jump in to defend George’s stance on specific conspiracy theories. They would fist bump when they both specifically stated that *Hercules* was by far the superior Disney film. They would tilt their heads together and giggle as Quackity struggled for a comeback from the pair’s consistent fact-checking.

“Alright.” Sapnap stood up awhile later. “I’m growing antsy. Who wants to play some beer pong?”

The group of six made their way to the dining room, taking over the space and lining up red solo cups in preparation.

“Who’s playing first?” asked Karl as he rubbed his hands together mischievously.

“George, wanna be partners with me?” Dream heard Sapnap ask, and the blond’s head snapped up from the cup he was filling with vodka to the two boys across the room.

“Uh... I think I’ll just watch this first round. I haven’t played in a while.”

“S’all good.” Sapnap shrugged. “Me and Punz against Karl and Big Q then.”

Dream looked away, heaving out a sigh of relief. He paused.

Get it together, man...

As the first game progressed, Dream found himself standing beside George, the latter wringing his hands together repeatedly.

Dream bent down, his mouth twitching upward as he said, “You’ve never played before, have you?”

George’s hands stalled and he looked up at the blond.

“W-What?” he stammered. “Of course I have.”

“Mhm,” hummed Dream as he straightened, looking back at the game in front of them. “Sure.”

George swatted his arm, his eyebrows furrowed. “Shut up, Dream. I have.”

“You don’t have to lie, y’know,” Dream continued on, looking back down at the brunet.

George sighed, squeezing his eyes shut to calm himself down. “Fine, whatever.” A pause. “I haven’t played before.”

Dream shrugged. “That’s alright. I’ve only ever played a few times. None of us are experts here.” He felt George’s eyes on him.

“Will you be my partner, then?”

Dream’s mouth dropped open slightly, his eyes barely registering the movement of Sapnap’s ball

landing effortlessly into the last of Karl and Quackity's cups. Cheers and groans filled the room simultaneously, and Dream swallowed harshly before looking back at George.

"Of course."

A few minutes later they stood side by side at the end of the table, Quackity and Karl standing across from them. Their cups were set and ready to go, and Quackity started the game off, his ball bouncing off the edge of the first cup and flying across the room.

"Oh, come *on!*" he groaned. "This isn't fair, Karl and I are plastered from last round and we're going against fucking *Dream*."

As if on cue, Dream carefully tossed his ball across the table. It landed into one of their cups with a faint *thud*.

"I thought you haven't played much," George said from beside him.

Dream shrugged nonchalantly. "He's drunk. And *that*, uh, was just luck."

The game was close, both teams with only one cup left. Dream came to learn that George wasn't one to hold his liquor all too well. After drinking his third cup he was already slurring his words, laughing loudly as all of his throws ended up with either of their opponents getting hit in the face with the ball. Dream eventually won the game for them.

"Hey, guys," said Sapnap as he walked into the room, having left about five minutes earlier. "I got a few more people to play Waterfall if you guys are down."

"Waterfall!" George shouted. "I love that game!"

Dream glanced down at George, who was leaning into his side unapologetically. The blond didn't bring himself to mind. "Do you even know what Waterfall is, George?"

"Nope."

Dream rolled his eyes and looked back at Sapnap. “We’re down, but this one here is playing with water.”

Sapnap chuckled, eyeing the two of them from across the room. “Agreed.”

A few rounds of Waterfall later, George was feeling better, his head no longer pounding. He sat beside Dream, who was growing progressively worse. George watched as Dream grew rowdy, yelling light-hearted insults, laughing loudly when he always picked Sapnap to do the challenges with him. George would feel Dream’s arm linger behind his back, occasionally bumping into it whenever the taller man moved.

Dream’s entire presence just made it unbelievably hard for George to think straight.

As their latest round came to a close, Dream groaned from beside him, rubbing a hand over his face. “I think I need a break.”

“I think so too,” George laughed from beside him, his mind still fuzzy from their game of beer pong. He could’ve sworn Dream spared a glance at his lips as he spoke, but the moment quickly passed and George blamed the alcohol for making him see such things.

“George,” Sapnap spoke from across the dissolving group, everyone getting up to go who knows where, “come with me to the kitchen. I want you to try Bad’s jungle juice.”

George spared Dream another quick glance before standing up. “That sounds kinda scary, but sure.”

Sapnap laughed, and together they made their way out of the room.

Dream watched as they left, unable to stop himself as his eyes fluttered down to George’s ass, his jeans fitting him in all the right places. He blinked once, and the pair was gone.

“Dream, you good, man?” he heard Punz’s voice ask.

“Yeah,” he sighed. “I just need some fresh air, I’ll be out in the back for a bit.” He heaved himself from off the ground and slowly made his way to the backyard.

The frigid air slapped Dream in the face as he stepped out from the sliding door. There was a group of people clustered around the firepit, but other than that, Dream had the space to himself. He walked away from the group and to a couple lawn chairs that sat in the grass, plopping down into one with a sigh, closing his eyes blissfully.

He wasn’t sure how long it had been when Sapnap walked up to him, two drinks in hand. “I knew I’d find you here.”

Dream tore his eyes away from the stars and peered over at his friend as he sat up in his chair. “That for me?” Sapnap handed him one of the cups without a word and Dream took a quick sip. “Where’s George?”

“I actually came to ask you the same thing. I wasn’t sure if he was with you or not.”

Dream frowned. “What? You guys were together when I saw you last.”

“Yeah, and that was like thirty minutes ago,” Sapnap explained before taking a swig of his own drink. “Then Karl and Quackity stole him from me. Haven’t seen any of them since.”

The blond stood up from his chair to stretch. “Thirty minutes? Damn...” He paused. “Why’d you think he’d be out here with me?”

Sapnap scoffed. “Are you serious, Dream?” When Dream only stared back at him, his friend continued. “You guys have been over each other *all* night. Like, just fuck already, goddamn.”

Dream quickly raised his cup to his mouth, hoping the plastic and the darkness were enough to shield his reddening cheeks.

“Fuck off,” he managed to cough out.

His best friend chuckled and looked back at the house as a couple girls staggered outside, leaving

the sliding door open. Faint music began to pump out onto the lawn.

“Seriously, where is...” Sapnap trailed off, his eyes flashing in recognition. “Goddammit. I think I know where that dumbass is.”

“What?” questioned Dream.

“Do you hear the music?”

Dream blinked and tried his best to focus on the words, faintly making out a woman’s voice. “I can’t tell what song it is.”

“It’s fucking Katy Perry,” Sapnap explained. He grabbed Dream’s wrist and started to pull him towards the house.

“Okay? And?”

“George loves Katy Perry. And...” he paused again as they got to the open door. “Yup. It’s his favorite song.”

Dream’s eyebrows furrowed in concentration as he tried to make out the words while they walked through the halls to the living room.

“I smell like a minibar, DJ’s passed out in the yard- ”

“‘Last Friday Night’?” he asked Sapnap. “That’s his favorite song?”

“Yep,” laughed Sapnap, and Dream joined him. He shook his head fondly as he took another sip of Bad’s jungle juice.

Only George...

The music grew louder and louder, and soon the pair stood face-to-face with an expansive crowd of college students, all shouting, jumping, dancing. It wasn't Dream's scene in the slightest.

"Try to find him!" Sapnap yelled over the music. Dream nodded and began to scan the room. He almost called it quits until he saw a pair of goggles rise from the crowd. His mouth fell open in surprise as he soon saw George climbing on top of the coffee table that sat in the middle of the room, Karl following close behind. Both were grinning wildly.

"Found him!" he yelled back to Sapnap, who also noticed the spectacle before them and was soon hunched over, howling with laughter.

"Oh my *God*, this is too fucking good."

Dream watched, amazed, as George danced and sang along to the chorus of the song, laughing and jumping and twisting. The second verse came all too soon. George stilled for a second, surveying the room around him, his chest heaving up and down rapidly.

Dream grew worried, but when they met eyes and George's mouth split into a grin, his worries faded away. He watched as George cupped his hands over his mouth and yelled inaudibly.

"I think he's calling for you!" Sapnap yelled as he nudged Dream's shoulder. "Go get 'em, tiger!"

"Uh," Dream started, looking at Sapnap and then back to the crowd. He saw George making his way over, a grin still plastered on his face.

"Hey guys!" he greeted happily once he was within earshot.

"Hey!" Sapnap yelled. He took Dream's cup from his hand and nudged him again. "You two go have fun!"

Dream scowled at him, and as he tried to get his drink back, he heard George yell, "Yeah! Dance with me, Dream!" He visibly stuttered, looking at George with wide eyes.

"Uh, I-I'm not a big dancer-"

“Come on!” interrupted George, who grabbed his wrist and pulled him into the crowd. Dream was immediately sucked in, surrounded by writhing bodies. He let George pull him to the middle of the room close to the table, which was now occupied by Karl and Quackity.

“It’s a blacked out blur, but I’m pretty sure it ruled-”

The energy was electric. The flashing of the LED lights danced along their bodies as George turned around to face Dream. He began to jump, flinging his arms in the air as he sang along with Katy, a complete beat behind her.

Dream shook his head, his feet unmoving. “You’re a lunatic, George!”

“I can’t hear you!” George shouted back. “Just dance!”

The chorus began to play again, and as everyone began to sing along and jump, Dream let himself melt into his surroundings. He moved to the fast beat, his head bobbing up and down as he watched George do the same. Someone backed into Dream roughly, and he found himself nearly falling into the shorter brunet. George shot him a shy smile.

They were close, closer than ever before. George moved freely, his limbs uncontrollable as he let the music dance through him, coursing through his veins like an IV. Dream was finally letting himself loose as the music suddenly went quiet. He blinked at George in confusion, only being met with a sly smile as he felt arms being wrapped around his neck.

All around him people were chanting “*TGIF*” out of time with the music, but Dream was too drunk to care. His nerves were on fire underneath George’s touch, and as he watched the brunet chant the same four letters over and over, his throat went dry and he felt shameless want and desire course through him.

They were *so* close. Dream knew he could bend down, cup George’s face in his hands, and press their lips together. As this realization dawned on him, however, the chanting was replaced by a sax riff and something flashed in George’s eyes. Dream fought against letting out a strangled whine at the loss of contact when the brunet pulled away and continued dancing on his own.

The moment was over, and Dream decided to lose himself in the music once more, in the lurching bodies surrounding him and George, in the sweat that pooled across his skin. They danced that way

until the song was over: dancing with each other, but not dancing *together* .

There was a brief pause of silence before a new song began to burst through the loudspeakers. Dream watched as George came to a halt, his legs shaking and chest heaving.

“Hey, hey, hey,” said Dream, closing the space between them and placing a hand on his shoulder. “You okay?”

George took a labored breath before shaking his head. “In-Inhale.” He pointed to the entryway through another set of open doors across the room. “In my coat-”

Dream didn’t need any more of an explanation. He slid his hand from George’s shoulder down to his lower back and led him through the crowd.

“Sit down,” he suggested sternly once they entered the empty room. George gratefully took a seat on one of the small benches and pointed to the array of coats that were strung along the wall, his breathing heavy.

“The navy blue one, w-with the red hood.”

Dream looked from him to the coats, instantly spotting the piece of clothing. He dug through its pockets until he found what he was looking for, and hurriedly made his way back to George.

“Thank you,” George breathed out, taking it from Dream’s hand and immediately breathing it in.

The blond crouched down in front of George and watched him carefully. “You should’ve just kept it on you, dumbass.”

George shook his head. “No. I knew what Nick- I knew what *Sapnap* said about me to you guys. Something along the lines of a computersciencenerd, right?” He began to slur his words together. “How I’m so *lame* and *dumb* -”

Dream frowned at him, deciding to cut him off. “To be fair, Nick’s a computer science nerd too. He has no room to talk.”

“So he *did* say all that.”

“Not about you being lame and dumb, but yes, he did mention that you were a *major* nerd.”

George rolled his eyes at that, fiddling with the inhaler in his hands. “Yeah, yeah.”

“Promise me you’ll keep that on you for the rest of the night?”

“Whatever,” the brunet drawled out slowly, and Dream caught himself smiling.

“How much have you had to drink since I last saw you, George?”

George looked away from Dream and tapped his pointer finger against his chin. “I actually don’t remember. I had some of that orange juice? And then I played this other game-”

“Orange juice?” laughed Dream. “You mean jungle juice.”

“Yes! That... and maybe some other things, I don’t really know.”

Dream blew out a breath. “I think we should cut you off soon.”

“What’s your name?” George asked suddenly.

Dream’s mouth dropped open, surprised by the unexpected question. “It’s Dream.”

“No, you arse. Your real name.”

Dream chuckled at his word choice. “It’s Clay.”

“Clay,” repeated George, testing the name on his tongue. “Clay, Clay, Clay...”

“Okay,” laughed Dream, now standing up from his position, dragging George along with him. “Come on, let’s get you somewhere quiet.” He held out his arm for him to grab onto as he peered up at the stairs, his mind weighing his options of where to take his friend.

A hand entangling with his own made Dream jump, and he twisted to see George staring down at their connected hands, his eyes wide, cheeks dusted a faint pink. Dream spared a glance down and noticed how much bigger his hand was compared to George’s, whose slender fingers wrapped almost perfectly between his own calloused ones.

The blond’s mind short-circuited.

“Follow me,” he said rather abrasively, snapping out of his thoughts, and they were soon making their way up the stairs.

Dream led George down the dimly lit hallway until they arrived at their destination. He quickly searched his back pocket before pulling out a key, unlocking the door and stepping to the side to let the brunet walk in. Dream paused in the doorway, watching as George slowly took in his surroundings.

Clothes were strewn all over the floor, books discarded across the desk. The bed appeared to be recently slept in, the sheets thrown about haphazardly, the comforter dangling off the edge. The only source of light was a soft, warm glow emitting from the lamp beside the bed.

“Excuse the mess,” said Dream sheepishly as he scratched the back of his neck. “I was trying to figure out what to wear tonight and my alarm didn’t wake me up on time, so...”

George plopped down on the edge of the bed, finally sparing the blond a glance. He shrugged. “No worries.”

Dream shot him a closed smile before fully stepping into the room, closing the door behind him, and making his way over to his mini fridge. “I think I still have some water bottles in here, if you want one?” He heard George shift on the bed behind him as he bent down and swung the small door open.

“That’d be great, thanks.”

Dream allowed himself a moment to close his eyes and take a deep breath before turning back around, two waters in hand. He silently handed one to the brunet and made his way to his desk, leaning against its edge. The two men stared at anything but each other as they downed their bottles.

George was the first to look at the other, pulling his water away from his lips and wiping his mouth with his sleeve. “So... where did you run off to when I left with Sapnap?”

Dream nearly choked on his own water, not expecting that question. He lifted his own bottle from his lips, licking them as he looked back at George. “What?”

“After... after that one game? You said you needed a break and then disappeared for awhile.” Dream stared at him intently as he continued. “I didn’t know if you went to... to go find a girl or something.”

Dream quirked an eyebrow, his chest growing heavy. “Uh, no? I just went outside to catch some air...” He noticed George’s cheeks redden as he looked down into his lap.

“Oh,” his voice cracked, eyes focused intensely on the fabric of his jeans. “Sorry for assuming that-”

“You’re fine,” Dream interrupted curtly, unsure of where the conversation was going. His nerves were on fire, his mind reeling. As he looked George up and down, seated on *his* bed, he didn’t want the distance between them to exist. Instead of saying anything, though, he chose to simply grind his teeth together in frustration.

George pursed his lips, sparing the blond another glance. “Sapnap, uh, told me about you. When he invited me to come.”

“Yeah...” murmured Dream, “I had figured as much.” They shared a look. “What did he say exactly?”

“Uh,” George mumbled, looking away and pressing down on his bottom lip with his thumb. Dream was quick to notice the action. “How I might like you and to give it a chance...” Dream’s stomach flipped. “But then I met you, and I realized he was just playing a sick game with me.” When Dream remained silent, trying to collect his rampant thoughts, George sighed and stood up, wobbling slightly as he did so. “I’m sorry, I should just go.”

Dream’s arm shot up then, stepping in and blocking his path to the door. “No, wait-”

George sighed again, shaking his head and offering the taller man a slight smile. “I’ve been making a fool of myself all night, Dream.”

“How?” Dream laughed out, shocked at what he was hearing. “*How*, George?”

“Because I know you’re not into me, which is *fine*.” He pushed past Dream, who quickly twisted and placed a firm hand on the door, his eyes flitting down to George’s flushed face. They were close now, chests almost touching, and Dream relished in the tension.

"What makes you think that?" he questioned softly, green eyes not daring to break away from George’s intense gaze.

"Dream," George started, "you are the *textbook definition* of a straight, college, university frat boy." Dream smiled at George's slurred wording. "I think I am quite safe in my assumption."

Without thinking, the blond pushed himself closer, making the brunet gasp and back into the wall behind him with a faint thud. Dream proceeded to place his gloved hands on either side of George’s head, their faces only a few inches apart, their shuddered breathing intermixing.

"Or not..." George spoke again, his eyes wide, lips slightly parted.

Dream licked his lips, taking in all that was George. The way his hair curled to one side, the fact that one of his dark eyes were slightly more blue than the other. The way his throat moved as he swallowed...

“*Fuck*, George,” Dream heard himself mutter. He tensed when something in George’s eyes flashed, and he realized he had said his thoughts aloud. “Oh fuck, sorry-” He began to pull away, but a hand gripping his shirt tugged him even closer.

“Kiss me,” George muttered softly in his ear, and that was all the confirmation Dream needed before he placed a gloved hand on the brunet’s jaw and pressed their lips together.

Their bodies froze. Dream’s mind was reeling, his thoughts clouded by the desire to grab, squeeze, rip, *fuck* .

He pulled away suddenly, looking at George with earnest eyes. “You’re not a fool, George. I feel the same way-”

“I *know* ,” George growled, eyes dark. “Now just kiss me, you dick.” Their lips crashed together, George’s hands immediately snaking up to Dream’s shoulders and tugging off his flannel.

The blond let out a low chuckle at his urgency, letting the cloth fall to the floor without a second thought. He pushed even closer, fitting his thigh in-between George’s. George let out a soft groan as he grinded his growing erection against it. Encouraged, Dream took both of George’s hands in one of his own and pinned them to the wall above him as his other hand slipped under the fabric of the brunet’s sweater and undershirt, kneading at the skin of his hip.

Dream bit down on George’s bottom lip as the latter rolled his body against him, the taller man’s nerves completely shot. When George groaned once more, Dream pulled away teasingly, letting go of his wrists, his eyes glinting with desire.

“Knew you’d be a good kisser,” George murmured, trying to catch his breath.

Dream rolled his eyes, his lips stretching into a lazy grin. “Right back at ya.”

“That was... a nice surprise.”

Dream watched as George looked him up and down, licking his lips hungrily. “I have more,” he started as he squeezed the brunet’s hip, circling the patch of skin with his thumb, “if you want to see them.”

George smirked as he placed a hand on the back of Dream’s neck, ripping off his mask with the other. Dream’s lips parted at the action, and they shared a look as he slowly slowly tugged off the

goggles that were perched on the brunet's own head.

Their lips crash together once more, Dream's tongue slipping into George's mouth hungrily. Drool soon began to make its way down both of their faces, and Dream gave him one last sloppy kiss before wrapping both arms around the other's slender waist and hoisting him up.

George's legs immediately wrapped around his torso, and he gave out a delirious giggle as Dream led him to his bed. Dream began to giggle in response, and he felt his heart stop when he felt George start to slip.

"George-" he grunted as he tried to readjust him, quickening his steps to make sure he didn't fall onto the floor. When George just barely landed on the mattress, he hollered out laughing. Dream sighed, shaking his head and watching him incredulously. "You fucker, calm down! I could've killed you." His lips stretched into a grin as he continued to watch the brunet laugh, and soon their giggles reverberated together throughout the small room. Dream silently wished they could do this again when they weren't so piss drunk.

Shaking his head, the blond proceeded to tug off his black tee in one smooth motion. He heard George's giggling come to a halt as he did so, and sent him a smirk as he threw the shirt to the carpet. George was tugging at his bottom lip, openly staring at Dream's chest and abs.

Dream lowered himself to his height and crawled over him. "Your turn."

George's eyes widened, and Dream helped him shrug off his sweater and the undershirt that was underneath. Dream licked his lips as he eyed the white button up, and he pressed a kiss to George's chest each time he undid a button. Dream realized how much he liked to tease the brunet, to hear his gasps and whines. It fueled him in a way nothing else did.

With the shirt now thrown lazily onto the floor, Dream licked his way back up to George's lips, grinning into another kiss. He had slotted himself between George's legs, and with each roll of his hips came a throaty groan from the brunet. Dream's erection, trapped inside his jeans, was becoming too unbearable, and he had a feeling George was in a similar position.

"Hey," he started, pulling away from the brunet, "are you sure you... want to do this?"

George stared at him, breathless. He kept his mouth closed and pulled Dream down to meet his lips once more, and the blond felt one of his hands grasp him through his jeans. Dream bit back a

moan, and that was the only answer he needed before wrestling both of them out of the rest of their clothes.

He couldn't stop himself from admiring the man underneath him, his cheeks flushed, hair unruly, darkening bruises all along his neck.

George's face flushed as he stared at anything that wasn't Dream.

"George," crooned Dream as he planted soft kisses along his chest. "What's wrong?"

The brunet scoffed. "Nothing, just stop staring."

Dream glanced up at him, his chin still pressed on his chest. "Don't even start." He peppered his skin with more kisses, making his way back to his face. "You're beautiful, George. Like *damn* ." He felt George smack his arm as he gave out a flustered groan, and Dream flashed him an innocent smile.

"Stop it."

"No."

They met each other's gaze, and George shook his head slightly as he asked, "Do you have a condom? And, uh, lube? It's alright if you don't."

Dream was already rolling off of him and making his way to his dresser, grabbing a condom and an unopened bottle of lube that sat hidden within his socks. He quickly tore open the bottle, throwing the wrapping back into the drawer, before turning around and making his way back to George.

"Have you..." George started, eyeing the bottle in Dream's hand, "Have you ever done this with a guy before?"

"Um," Dream paused. He climbed back onto the bed and crawled over to George. "No, I haven't. I never made it this far with one--"

“Oh,” said George, nodding his head slowly, surprised that he was going to be Dream’s first.

“Does that matter?” Dream questioned quietly.

“N-No!” George choked out. “Not at all.”

They smiled at each other, the conversation immediately forgotten.

After another deep kiss, Dream sat up to unscrew the bottle of lube, dipping his fingers in the smooth substance with haste. George situated himself underneath him as he eyed his fingers hungrily.

Dream set the bottle on the bedside table and focused his attention back on the brunet. With a firm hand he spread his legs apart, eyes darkening as he ogled over the sight before him.

“First, I wanna do this,” he stated softly, bending down to pepper George’s inner thigh with kisses, getting closer and closer to his destination. George’s legs trembled at the contact, and when Dream trailed his tongue up his shaft, the brunet threw his head back into the pillows, mouth wide open.

“Dre- *Dream!* ” he yelped as Dream slipped his entire mouth over his cock.

This wasn’t Dream’s first rodeo: he knew how to lick, how to tease, how to make George beg for more. He made sure to keep his lube-covered fingers away from George’s body as he continued, enamored by the noises the other man was making from underneath him.

“Dream, please-”

“Hm?” Dream hummed, still sucking up and down as he looked up, making eye contact with the disheveled brunet.

“*Please* , Dream. Fuck, I want you to... I want you-”

The blond sat up, eyes glinting mischievously as he placed his hand on George's cock instead, stroking agonizingly slow. "What do you want, George?"

George stared at him with dark eyes. "I want you inside of me, you arse. Stop-" He gasped as Dream quickened his movements. "Stop *teasing*."

Dream chuckled, stopping his hand suddenly and pulling himself up to hover over George's face. "Anything for you, baby."

The brunet chewed at his bottom lip, taken aback by the pet name. Dream only smirked, refusing to look away from George as he blindly spread his legs and slipped his lubed-up fingers between them. He circled his asshole teasingly, feeling the smaller man quiver underneath him.

"Dream, if you don't-"

Dream slid a finger in, cutting George off. The brunet sighed, his head falling back onto the pillows once more. Dream slid in another before George could beg.

"*Fuck*," George muttered, wincing as he grew accustomed to the pressure.

"What's next, baby?" Dream asked as he watched George's flushed face intently.

They met eyes and George huffed. "Another. Please, another..."

Dream wasted no time, slipping in a third finger and relishing in the groans coming from the man under him. The faint rumble of the music downstairs made its way through the floorboards, and Dream found himself growing harder, aroused by the fact that there were crowds of people below them, all unknowing of what was happening inside his room.

It was exciting, electric, *exhilarating* ...

As he pumped his fingers in and out of him, George grabbed Dream's face tightly, his gasps filling the room unapologetically. "Dream, I need *you* ." Dream paused his movements and looked up at the brunet as he continued. "Fuck me, *please* ..."

Dream's eyes clouded over as he rose back over him, kissing him harshly before murmuring "If you insist" against his bruised lips.

He reached over to the condom that sat beside the lube, tearing it open with his teeth and rolling it on as quick as he could. The blond then grabbed the base of his own cock, blindly poking around until he felt the softened ring of muscle. Dream took a deep breath, his eyes locked with George's, as he slowly pushed it in. To put it simply, he saw fucking stars.

They groaned simultaneously as the blond slipped in even further.

"Jesus fucking hell," moaned out Dream, gritting his teeth. "You're so fucking tight."

George's eyes fell shut, overwhelmed by the pressure. "H-Hang on a sec, gimme a sec."

Dream immediately froze. "Are you okay?"

"Y-Yeah, just adjusting. You're fucking huge."

Dream let out a husky chuckle as he planted a soft kiss on George's cheek. "Just let me know when you're ready."

George continued to breathe heavily, shifting underneath him as he grew accustomed to the sensation. "Okay... You can move."

The blond pushed in even more, bottoming out with a guttural moan. Their hips finally collided, their skin radiating heat.

"You okay?"

"Yes," George moaned out, his voice not as strangled as it was minutes before. "Shit, Dream."

Dream licked his lips fervently, his eyes glazed as he began to rock into him slowly. He kissed the brunet's lips, licking his way to his jaw and down to his neck, biting the tender spots and making George hiss out in ecstasy. George rolled his hips up, encouraging Dream to quicken his pace.

The blond welcomed the invitation, repositioning himself to get a better angle. His thrusts began to quicken, the sound of flesh colliding with flesh filling the room.

"You feel so fucking good, George," Dream muttered hoarsely, and his mind flashed back to when he first laid eyes on the brunet, goggles making his hair askew, that fitted sweater that brought out his eyes, the white collar almost teasing. The innocent look in his eye. The immediate desire to be near him, to talk to him, to see his smile... "I wanted you ever since you walked through that fucking door-"

George's mouth fell open soundlessly, his cheeks reddening ferociously by the confession. In response he reached around and latched onto Dream's back, digging his nails into the skin and dragging downward.

"M-Me too," he gasped out just as Dream filled him whole again, his cock brushing against his prostate for the nth time. The brunet let out a chuckle as the familiar tingling sensation rushed through him, his heels digging into the mattress in a failed attempt to calm his quivering legs. "Shit... I'm close, Dream. So fucking close-"

Dream gripped the sides of George's waist with firm hands, fueled by George's moans. His pace quickened, skin clapping against skin, moans and grunts and sweet nothings being tossed between them freely.

The blond felt the man underneath him suddenly tense up, and he watched as George's eyes rolled back, groaning loudly and tensing around him as come burst out onto his stomach. The sight was too much to bear, and Dream screwed his eyes shut as he pounded into him relentlessly, moaning loudly as he became undone. His vision grew distorted, the room seemingly spinning, as he fell onto George. Dream decided to stay where he was, panting into George's chest.

"Jesus," George moaned a moment later, placing his hand at the nape of the blond's neck and twisting the ends of his sweaty hair. "That was..."

"Amazing," answered Dream, his voice muffled. He turned and propped himself onto his elbows, staring down at George, who sent him a lopsided grin.

“Agreed.”

Dream bit his bottom lip as he stared at George, taking in his flushed cheeks, his sweat-covered hair...

“You’re amazing.” Dream watched as George huffed, his pink cheeks reddening.

“Dream, I swear...”

“What?” he laughed.

“*You’re* amazing.”

“Thank you, Georgie.”

“And I hate you.”

“You do?”

“... No.”

Dream laughed, bringing his lips to George’s and kissing him sweetly. He then pulled out of him, tearing off the condom and tossing it into the small trash can that sat right next to the bed.

“Let me clean you up,” said the blond, rolling away from George and off the bed. He made his way to his gym bag that sat on the floor a few feet away and pulled out a red towel. He turned back to the brunet, who gave him a worried look.

“Is that even clean?”

Dream rolled his eyes as he slipped back into bed, wiping George’s stomach and chest carefully.

He bent down to kiss his stomach once it was wiped clean, and he felt hands pushing him away as George scoffed.

“Stop it, Dream.”

The taller man giggled as they made eye contact. “Oh come on, Georgie. After everything we just did, you don’t want me kissing you?” He folded the towel in half and proceeded to wipe down his own torso.

George rolled his eyes, looking away from him. “You’re insufferable.”

“Yeah, yeah...” Dream muttered as he tossed the stained towel towards his laundry hamper, missing by only a few inches. He looked back at George, who was staring at something from across the room. “What’s up?”

George glanced back at him quickly. “Could I, uh,” he looked back to where he was staring, “wear that?”

Dream followed his gaze, spotting one of his hoodies that was hanging off of his desk chair. His heart fluttered as he went to grab it. “It might be big on you.”

“That’s the point.”

The blond hummed as he tossed the hoodie at the shorter man, watching as he shrugged it on. “It... It looks good on you.”

George rolled his eyes. “Just get back over here, you arse.”

Dream wasted no time, running and flinging himself into bed. George squawked as Dream launched himself at him, and the blond couldn’t help but wheeze in response, rolling over so they were lying side by side.

“*What* is that laugh?” asked George, eyes wide as he watched Dream unfold from beside him.

Dream took a deep breath in an attempt to calm himself down. “Sorry, sorry...” he sighed. “You’re just funny.”

“Look who’s talking,” George laughed lightly.

Dream repositioned himself, sliding down slightly so his head could rest on his pillows and pulling the covers over him. “C’mere, George.” He beckoned him to get closer. “We’re both tired.”

As if on cue, George let out a wide yawn, and he nodded his head in agreement. He pushed himself closer to the blond, slid under the blankets, and wrapped an arm around his torso, his head settling on his broad chest. Dream twisted to turn off the lamp, and darkness invaded the space surrounding them.

“Comfy?” he asked as he laced his fingers through George’s hair. George hummed in response, and Dream found himself smiling as he closed his eyes. In the silent minutes that followed, his mind began to wander off. He thought about George and their relationship, about how different it was bound to be when morning would inevitably arrive. He blinked, forcing himself to get rid of his intrusive thoughts, and let sleep pull him under.

George woke up alone the next morning, light peeking through the blinds and emitting the room with a soft glow. His entire body ached, his head and ass specifically. When he turned over and noticed the empty spot beside him, his heart ached too.

The brunet sat up slowly, noticing the room was much more clean than it was just a mere few hours ago. George blinked as he looked around, the memories of last night slowly flashing in his mind. He took a deep breath, refusing to believe what had happened. He couldn’t stop the smile that stretched across his lips, either, and decided to lie back down in an attempt to soothe his raging headache.

The house was quiet underneath him, and he wondered where Dream had gone off too. He was in *his* room, in *his* house. It wouldn’t make sense if he had just up and left him in the middle of the night...

Deep in his thoughts, twiddling with the strings of Dream’s oversized hoodie, George jumped when he heard a familiar voice call through the closed door.

“George, get your ass up!” yelled Sapnap, knocking on the door loudly.

George sprung up from the bed, gritting his teeth as his head pounded. He gaped at the door, embarrassment and dread flowing through him. “I-I’m up!” he called back weakly.

There was a faint snicker. “Well, come down to the kitchen when you’re ready.”

George heard him walk away and let out a breath he didn’t know he had been holding. He glanced down at his bare legs and decided to raid Dream’s dresser for a pair of sweatpants. After a small pep talk and a few deep breaths, George opened the door quietly and peered into the empty hallway.

He took small steps, climbing down the stairs slowly as his surroundings slightly swayed around him. George noticed Sapnap standing in the entryway, and when the latter noticed the brunet approaching, he let out a laugh at his confused expression.

“Nick,” George groaned out, his eyes still not adjusted to the light, “what’s going on?”

Sapnap eyed him up and down with a knowing look in his eyes. “Just go in the fucking kitchen. Your boyfriend won’t let any of us in until you do.”

George found himself blushing furiously at his word choice. He looked away and to the short hallway that led to his apparent destination, rubbing the side of his head soothingly.

“You look like shit,” Sapnap continued.

George’s eyes snapped back to him. “So do you.” He sighed. “This headache is a bitch...”

Sapnap chuckled. “We have ibuprofen, don’t worry.” He gestured down the short hallway. “Now don’t keep him waiting, we’re all starving.”

With a huff, George walked past him and toward the kitchen. The smell of breakfast hit him like a wall of bricks, and his stomach immediately growled in response. Moments later he walked into the room, his eyes widening.

Dream was setting up the table, which was covered with plates of pancakes, eggs, bacon, fruit, you name it. The blond jumped when he realized George was standing there, and offered the brunet a shy smile.

“Hi.”

George smiled back. “Hi.”

“Uh, I made breakfast.”

“I see that,” George responded, his heart fluttering.

Dream straightened, his eyes trailing up and down George’s body. “Nice outfit.”

George rolled his eyes as he made his way over to Dream. “You didn’t have to do all this.” He wrapped his arms around Dream’s torso and settled his head against his chest, sighing happily as Dream hugged him back.

“I know, but I wanted to.”

George hummed. “Sapnap said you weren’t letting anyone in here.” He felt Dream laugh.

“Yeah, cause I know them. All this would’ve been gone a long time ago if I *did* let them in.”

George giggled as they pulled apart, eyes locking. “Well, thank you.” He paused. “Sapnap said you guys have ibuprofen?”

Dream nodded. “Uh, yeah. Take a seat and I’ll get some for you.” He let go of George completely and hurried over to one of the cabinets.

George looked back to the table, pulling out one of the chairs and sitting down slowly, grimacing

slightly. He heard a chuckle from behind him and was already rolling his eyes.

“Sure your head isn’t the only thing that’s bothering you?”

The brunet propped his elbows on the table and hid his face in his hands, feeling the familiar heat radiate off of them. “Shut up.”

He felt Dream’s lips press against the side of his head. “Just messin’ with ya. Here, this should help.”

George pulled his hands away and saw the small tablet sitting on the table. He swallowed it quickly as Dream sat across from him, and they dug in.

The conversation was light, both still exhausted from the night before. They talked about food, what their favorite kinds were. They discussed the party, and Dream laughed when George decided he was never going to consume alcohol ever again. They talked about the weather; George learned that Dream didn’t mind the cold.

Their light chatter was interrupted by Sapnap, who made both of them jump as he rapped on the wall just next to the threshold.

“Can I have some now?”

George giggled as Dream gave in with a “Whatever, man.” Sapnap made haste and grabbed a plate before sitting down next to George and digging in. Dream and George shared a tired glance.

“So... your place next time?” asked Dream lightheartedly. George’s heart fluttered at the mention of a “next time”.

Sapnap gasped, placing a hand on his chest. “I’m hurt. I’ve done nothing but be supportive and you guys just... wow.”

George looked at him with a confused look. “What are you even saying?”

“I don’t know, man,” said Sapnap a few moments later. “Fuck!” he groaned out. “I’m hungover as shit...”

George watched him take a few more messy bites of his pancakes before looking back at Dream, who was already staring.

“Definitely,” George answered him sincerely, and Dream’s mouth broke out into a grin.

George decided then and there, while sitting across from Dream’s soft stares and beside a loud and messy Sapnap, that he was the happiest he had been in a very long time.

End Notes

And then they started dating, moved in together, and lived happily ever after :D I hope you all enjoyed reading!!

Feel free to follow my quite sad-looking Twitter @/saltinecraxker_ if you want :)))

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!